O comportamento humano não emerge no vazio. Cada gesto, cada reação emocional, carrega consigo o peso invisível da história social e familiar que molda o indivíduo desde o nascimento. Como defendeu Émile Durkheim, os factos sociais são exteriores ao indivíduo, mas exercem sobre ele um poder coercivo, condicionando não só o modo como age, mas também como sente e interpreta o mundo. O episódio que aqui relato, vivido numa sessão de acompanhamento psicossocial com uma jovem em situação de vulnerabilidade, é a ilustração viva dessa força invisível da sociedade sobre o eu.

Se, para Auguste Comte, a sociedade deveria ser estudada com a objetividade das ciências naturais, Gabriel Tarde, por outro lado, propôs uma abordagem mais próxima da psicologia, onde o processo de imitação e repetição social é o motor principal da construção dos comportamentos. Neste caso concreto, a reação intensa da cliente — aparentemente desproporcional à situação — revelou-se, na verdade, como uma repetição emocional inconsciente, dirigida não a mim, mas à memória internalizada das figuras parentais que a marcaram negativamente.

Max Weber, ao valorizar a subjetividade dos sentidos atribuídos pelas pessoas às suas ações, permite-nos compreender que a explosão emocional da jovem não é meramente irracional, mas está carregada de significado e motivação social. A sua raiva, o seu descontrolo, e posteriormente as suas lágrimas, não são apenas sintomas, mas expressões profundas de um conflito interno entre normas interiorizadas e a realidade emocional negada durante anos.

Pierre Bourdieu complementa esta leitura ao introduzir o conceito de habitus: estruturas mentais e sociais adquiridas pela repetição de experiências vividas, muitas vezes marcadas por violência simbólica. A forma como a cliente se culpabiliza, se autoanula e, ao mesmo tempo, projeta nos outros o julgamento que recebeu em criança, demonstra claramente um habitus marcado pela vergonha e pela falta de reconhecimento.

Neste texto, relato um momento de transference — um mecanismo psicológico em que a dor do passado é projetada sobre figuras do presente. Não é apenas um caso clínico. É a oportunidade de ver, em tempo real, o cruzamento entre sociologia e psicologia, entre estruturas sociais e respostas emocionais. E mais do que isso: é um testemunho de como a escuta empática, aliada à consciência teórica, pode abrir espaço para a cura.

Transference

Today, while I was signing the activity sheets, I realized that one client hadn't turned in her activity sheet on time. I called her out for irresponsibility and gave her a help note. She went ballistic on her sisters.

I came out of the office and told her to stop arguing with others and to accept responsibility for her behavior. She went ballistic with me and decided to disrespect me. I got mad in the beginning, but then the words of my mentor came to mind:
"Don't take it personally; it's not about you, it's about them."

I circled her up and let her say what she needed to say. She was in rage! She was out of control. I could see that if she could, she would have gotten physical. Because of the way she was looking at me, I asked:
"Why are you looking at me like that?"

She replied,
"Because I'm mad."

Then I asked her:
"I want you to tell me who were the people who criticized and judged you when you were a child."

She broke down in tears. She couldn't stop crying, and she said that the people were her parents, and that it was hurting her so much. I told her:

"If you don't exhale this pain outside, you will inhale it inside with drugs.
If you don't cry it out, it will become rage."

She cried and released some of it. She wasn't against me — I just reminded her of her parents. That's what we call transference.

I asked her to read something from one of my books, and she read:

Dear Dad,
I'm going to say some things to you that I've never said before.
First of all, I want to tell you why I didn't spend much time with you.
The reason is: I didn't want to see you because I am afraid of you.

(This is what you did to me)
When I was a very little girl, I remember you became very cruel to me.
You blamed me for everything that went wrong.
You blamed me when my brother fell and hurt himself.
You blamed me when my leg got broken.
You told me jokes that were too dirty.
You talked about how sexy I looked in a sweater.

You either treated me like a date or told me I looked like a whore.
When a man tried to rape me, you said it was my fault.
When my husband beat me up, you told me it was my fault.
I really believed it was my fault because you said so.
You always told me how terrible my mother was, and that she never loved me.

(How I felt about it at the time)
I felt scared, humiliated, and confused.
I wondered why you stopped loving me.
I blamed myself for everything.
I hated myself.
I felt unlovable and disgusting.

(How it affected my life)
I was terribly damaged as a person.
Many men have been quite brutal to me, and I always thought it was my fault.
When they beat me, I would write them a letter of apology.
I've had a deplorable lack of belief in myself, in my abilities, and in my worthiness.

(This is what I want from you)
I want you to apologize for being such a cruel father.
I want you to acknowledge that the harm you did to me caused me great hurt and pain.
I want you to stop the verbal attacks.
Good fathers don't blame, degrade, or insult their children.
I'm sorry you and I didn't have the relationship we could have had.
I missed a lot by not being able to give my love to a father I so wanted to love.
I will continue to send you cards and help you because that makes me feel good.
However, if I'm going to see you, you're going to have to accept my ground rules.
I don't know you very well, and I don't know your pains or your fears.
Also, you might like to know that I am doing much better in life now.
I don't let men beat me up anymore.
We can't change the past, but we can begin again.

Escrito por, Ivone do Vale

27 junho de 2008, Dallas, Texas - Dallas County Judicial Treatment Center in Wilmer